THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

[ESTABLISHED 1840].

"Unto the pure all things are pure: but unto them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure: but even their mind and conscience is defiled" (TITUS 1: 15).

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THE VITALITY OF "MORMONISM."

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY DR. JAMES E. TALMAGE BEFORE THE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF DENVER, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14TH, 1916.

(*Concluded from page 84.*)

(c) It was long taught that the body is a hindrance and a burden to the spirit, a thing to be contemned and despised. Carried to its inevitable extreme, this belief led to the abnormalities of asceticism, monastic isolation, celibacy, and resultant evils. The spirit of this age impels to healthful living, to the preservation of the body and the conservation of its God-given functions, to the prudent observances of sanitation and hygiene, to abstinence from intoxicants, narcotics and stimulants generally. As early as February, 1833, the Lord gave a revelation to the Church touching matters of hygiene and diet. "The Word of Wisdom" it has been rightly called; and its precepts are now proclaimed by the teachers of men. Hear it:

"That inasmuch as any man drinketh wine or strong drink among you, behold it is not good, neither meet in the sight of your Father, only in assembling yourselves together to offer up your sacraments before him. And, behold, this should be wine, yea, pure wine of the grape of the vine, of your own make. And, again, strong drinks are not for the belly, but for the washing of your bodies. And again, tobacco is not for the body, neither for the belly, and is not good for man, but is an herb for bruises and all sick cattle, to be used with judgment and skill. And again, hot drinks are not for the body or belly. And again, verily I say unto you, all wholesome herbs God hath ordained for the constitution, nature, and use of man. Every herb in the season thereof,

and every fruit in the season thereof; all these to be used with prudence and thanksgiving. Yea, flesh also of beasts and of the fowls of the air, I, the Lord, have ordained for the use of man with thanksgiving; nevertheless they are to be used sparingly: and it is pleasing unto me that they should not be used only in times of winter, or of cold, or famine. All grain is ordained for the use of man and of beasts, to be the staff of life, not only for man, but for the beasts of the field, and the fowls of heaven, and all wild animals that run or creep on the earth; and these hath God made for the use of man only in times of famine and excess of hunger. All grain is good for the food of man, as also the fruit of the vine, that which yieldeth fruit, whether in the ground or above the ground. Nevertheless, wheat for man, and corn for the ox, and oats for the horse, and rye for the fowls and for swine, and for all beasts of the field, and barley for all useful animals, and for mild drinks, as also other grain. And all saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, shall receive health in their navel, and marrow to their bones, and shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures; and shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint; and I, the Lord, give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them. Amen" (Doc. and Cov. 89: 5-21).

Hot drinks against which the people are warned have been and are understood to include tea and coffee, and the inhibition was preached and published prior to the discovery by chemists that theine, caffeine and kindred alkaloids are of pronounced deleterious and actually poisonous effect. Here again has "Mormonism," as a living teacher, led the way to the paths of a better life, not for the hereafter alone, but for this world.

The most potent of all forces operating to maintain the vitality of "Mormonism" is found in the Divine source of its powers and authority. It teaches the actuality of present day revelation as the needs of the Church require. The system lives and shall never die because it is imbued with the spirit of eternal life. Men cannot destroy the Divine; the mortal is impotent in assault upon the immortal; the finite is powerless to prevail against the infinite.

III. Some of the Practical Results.

Had "Mormonism" died in its infancy the splendid results of its effects upon mankind would be unknown even as history. To the vitality of the system, to its inherent virility, is due the development at which to-day the world marvels. Among the practical results of "Mormonism" are the following.

(a) A system of Church organization unknown since the disintegration of the Primitive Church through apostasy. This organization comprises all the essential offices and officers of the

olden church—apostles, high priests, seventies, elders, bishops, priests, teachers, deacons. The religion of "Mormonism" is practical, dealing with the spiritual, it is true, but also in a pre-eminent degree with the essentials of everyday life.

(b) An effective missionary system, by which the gospel message is proclaimed throughout the world, and that message of salvation is delivered without money or price. Elders and missionary women are sent out into the several fields, bearing their own expenses except so far as they may receive assistance through the generosity of the people amongst whom they labor.

(c) A coherent and mutually helpful body, in which the ties and prejudices of diverse nationality and of varied tradition are swallowed up in the common love for the gospel, and in the individual testimony of its genuineness. When one of the early presiding officers of the Church was asked by an earnest investigator wherein lay the secret of the marvelous influence by which so great an aggregation of foreign and otherwise diverse people were governed, the answer was: "We teach them correct principles, and they govern themselves."

This effect of the gospel is apparent in the happiness and satisfaction manifest among those who have become members of the Church after real repentance. Apostasy from the Church is a rare phenomenon. Excommunication for failure to live aright is more common; and, be it known, that the Lord's revelations to the Church provide that transgression, if not followed by sincere contrition, and earnest efforts to make amends, is to be visited by disfellowshipment.

Every Latter-day Saint is expected to be true to the sanctity of his individual testimony. He is directly answerable to his God. As to his conviction that the gospel taught by the Church is genuine, he is held to have undergone the test prescribed by the Christ—that of doing the will of God, and thus learning for himself that the doctrine is true. The peace and satisfaction evinced by converts to "Mormonism" well nigh surpasses human belief.

(d) A self-supporting organization, not dependent upon the gifts of a wealthy few, but upon the proportionate giving of all. In the material support of the Church as a human institution the widow's penny is as acceptable as are the goldpieces of the millionaire. The system of tithepaying has been a success in the Church from the first. Every member should consider it a duty to pay a tenth of his income, whether that tenth, for any given period, be a dime or a thousand dollars; but no payment is arbitrarily exacted, for compliance with the law of the tithe, to be acceptable before God, must be voluntary and willing. The people are taught that while the Lord needs their tithes and offerings, their need to be tithed is many times greater. Besides the tithing, other freewill offerings are made. On the monthly fast day each family is asked to contribute the cost equivalent of the meals from which the

members have fasted; and the means so obtained is administered by the bishops for the relief of the deserving poor. Special offerings are called for and willingly given as occasion requires. A recent request for aid to the war sufferers, resulted in the voluntary and eager giving of over $30,000 in a single day; and this amount was forwarded and distributed without diminution for commission or other administrative expense, the Church organization proving ample for the purpose.

(e) A series of auxiliary associations which operate as helps in government. These include the Relief Society, the Sunday School Union, the Young Men's and the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations, the Primary Association, and the Religion Classes. The purpose of these is in general indicated by the names. Church schools are maintained for such members as prefer denominational to secular education; and these institutions range from the kindergarten to the normal school and the college. We believe that true education comprises the development of body, mind, and spirit; and facilities for this symmetrical training are provided. To "Mormon" pupils in the public schools, of both common and secondary grades, instruction in religion and ethics is given through the Religion classes, which are conducted outside the regular school hours, and as a supplement to the secular curriculum. This instructional feature, now advocated by eminent educators for all public schools, has been in successful operation among the Latter-day Saints for over a quarter of a century.

(f) A community whose vital statistics tell of prolonged life, high birth and low death rates, high marriage rate, few divorces, and general material prosperity. I present to you a few comparisons of data obtained from the Presiding Bishopric of the Church, showing the condition of Latter-day Saints in the organized stakes of Zion for the six-year period ending with the year 1915, as contrasted with the latest reports for such States of the Union as maintain statistical bureaus, and are classed in official reports as the registration area.

	Among the Latter-day Saints resident in the Stakes.	In the country at large so far as reported.
Birth rate per 1,000	39	25
Death rate per 1,000	8.7	14.1
Marriage rate per 1,000	16	13
Divorces per 10,000	4	10
Average age at death	38	32

The statistics of infant mortality are strikingly significant. Deaths from all causes among children under one year of age, averaged for the three years ending with 1915, fewer than 59 per thousand births in "Mormon" families, while the latest report from the United States registration area, shows 249 deaths per

thousand. Deaths of children under five years of age, including those who die under one year, separately reported, average 82 per thousand births among "Mormons," and 349 for the country at large.

A letter from the Presiding Bishopric to the author, accompanying the statistical report from which the foregoing items have been culled, contains the following statement: "A detailed record is kept of all the causes of death among Latter-day Saints in the intermountain region. This is carefully supervised by local officers and compiled, and we think it is even more accurate than the average statistics of the best regulated States of the Union. Details concerning any group of causes of death under the international classification are on file, subject to examination by any who may be interested."

One of the certified causes of death in which the "Mormons" lead, is old age. In Latter-day Saint communities the families owning their own homes constitute seventy-five per cent. of the whole number of families. Think what this means—the absence of rent-collector or landlord, whose shadow too often converts a home into a dreary house.

Yes, "Mormonism" is alive. The world is better for its presence. It extends to all peoples the invitation to come, to drink at its fountains, to partake of its fruits, and to rejoice in the countless blessings offered by the restored gospel of Jesus Christ our Lord.

STEPHEN L. RICHARDS ORDAINED AN APOSTLE.

At the regular weekly meeting of the First Presidency and Council of the Twelve in the Temple to-day [January 18th, 1917]. Stephen L. Richards was ordained an apostle, having been unanimously selected to fill the vacancy which has existed in the council since the death of President Francis M. Lyman. Elder Richards' name was presented by President Joseph F. Smith, and the selection received unanimous and hearty approval. President Smith officiated in the ordination.

Stephen L. Richards was born June 18th, 1879, at Mendon, Cache County, being a son of Dr. Stephen L. and Emma Louise Stayner Richards. He attended the Salt Lake City schools, the state university, and the University of Michigan, and later graduated from the school of law, at the University of Chicago.

As a member of the Church, he has been connected with various ward and stake organizations, having been a member of the Mutual Improvement Association board, and superintendent of the Sunday schools of the Salt Lake stake, a member of the Granite stake Sunday school board, and was appointed to the general board of the Deseret Sunday School Union in 1907. Two

years later he was made second assistant to the general superintendent of Sunday schools, President Joseph F. Smith. Elder Richards is also at present a member of the general board of Religion classes, and is a member of many Church committees, including that of the general priesthood. He is at present a resident of Granite Stake.

On February 21st, 1900, he was married to Irene W. Merrill, daughter of Clarence and Bathsheba S. Merrill. They have six children.

As an attorney Mr. Richards has been practicing for the last thirteen years in this city, being at present at the head of the well-known law firm, Richards, Hart and Van Dam. He is also associated with numerous local corporations, and is vice president and counsel of the Kimball & Richards company.

For the last ten years he has been prominent also in political circles, having been a candidate for governor in the campaign last fall.—*Deseret News.*

HEBER J. GRANT: FROM AN APPRECIATION.

I HAVE known Heber J. Grant almost as long as I have known myself. We were boys together. I could say of him, or to him, with the utmost propriety:

—"Thou art the friend
To whom the shadows of far years extend."

And a very good friend Brother Grant has been to me. But of that presently. I wish first to speak of his character and disposition. He has qualities that appeal to me strongly. His pure and temperate life, his habits of industry, and the princely generosity of his nature, have been to me an incentive and an inspiration. It is said of our Savior: "He went about doing good." Heber J. Grant has followed that glorious example, and proved himself a true disciple of the Lord.

Gifted with rare financial ability, he has prospered in material things, and has long been known as one of Utah's ablest and brightest business men. Acting upon the principle that the true mission of the man of affairs is not so much getting and keeping, as in sharing and bestowing, he has made it a practice to help deserving individuals and worthy causes, and is in a position to realize the truth of the proverb: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." More than one poor widow, with the mortgage lifted from her humble home, has reason to bless the name and remember the kindness of Heber J. Grant. More than one struggling author, unable through lack of means to launch upon the waters of publicity the result of his literary labor, recalls as a sweet memory the timely aid rendered by this enthusiastic friend of letters.

Brother Grant not only helps to publish books; he is likewise a liberal patron of the sellers of books, always to the front with an

order for copies of any meritorious production. He likes to distribute them among his friends, for the pleasure he derives from thus ministering to the intellectual appetite.

* * * *

For some time after the beginning of my acquaintance with Heber J. Grant, I did not understand him; nor do I think he understood me. Exceedingly sensitive, both of us—quick to feel, easily hurt, and perhaps over-ready to resent a slight, real or fancied, we sometimes misinterpreted each other, and spoke and acted accordingly. But the bark was always worse than the bite: in fact, it never came to a bite at all. I soon found that my blunt, outspoken schoolmate was a genial, kind-hearted friend, anxious to help me when I needed help, and willing to put himself out and add to his own cares in order to lessen mine. We were little more than boys at the time; but he was a manly boy, the support of his widowed mother, industrious and thrifty, earning a good salary as collector or bookkeeper in a local bank. Finding me out of employment, and very wretched on account of it, he not only told me of a place that was open, waiting for an applicant, but offered to sit up at nights to teach me bookkeeping, that I might qualify for the situation. Another opening, more congenial, prevented my acceptance of the well-meant offer, but I shall never forget the kind motive that prompted it. He has done such things repeatedly for various persons. I could name a dozen men, now prominent in commercial or professional life, who began their careers virtually as protégés of Heber J. Grant.

A hater of shams and hypocrisy, an uncompromising foe to vice in all its forms, he is fearless and unsparing in his denunciation of wrongdoers. But there is another side to his nature. While abrupt and severe at times, he is always kind and gentle to the aged and ailing, and is an affectionate and devoted husband and father. His love for his mother was beautiful, and she was well worthy of his tender, filial affection. He is quick to respond to appeals for assistance, and seldom waits for the appeal to be made, before supplying the needs of the unfortunate.

* * * *

As Stake President, Apostle, Mission President, and president or director in various large business concerns, he has shown himself possessed of marked administrative ability. Public-spirited and philanthropic, he manifests the true zeal of the reformer, and is in his glory when heading or helping forward a movement for the moral uplift and regeneration of his fellows. If ever Utah "goes dry," it will be largely owing to the indomitable will and energetic efforts put forth by this oft-defeated but never discouraged champion of prohibition. I regard him as an ideal successor to the good and great man who so recently left us, causing a vacancy in the high and holy office of President of the Twelve Apostles.—ORSON F. WHITNEY in the *Juvenile Instructor*.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1917.

EDITORIAL.

"MORMONISM" A LIVING FORCE.

In a newspaper article which has found its way from Scotland to the office of the *Millennial Star*, a contributor, writing over the signature W. P., undertakes the hopeless task, which so many, after futile efforts, have given up in despair, of proving that the Prophet Joseph was a pretender, and "Mormonism" a fraud.

W. P. attacks "Mormonism" by trying an argument which logicians call *reductio ad absurdum*. That is, he endeavors to prove that "Mormonism," from beginning to end, is an absurdity. In so doing, however, he commits the grave error—fatal to the purpose he has in view—of giving a distorted picture of the Prophet, a false account of the origin of the Church, and a misstatement of some of its beliefs, and this conglomeration is what he exhibits as absurdities. In other words, he makes a cartoon of "Mormonism," to suit his purpose, and exhibits it as a true likeness, and then triumphantly puts a fool's cap on it—that is, on his own caricature. Anyone can see that this is unfair, not to say dishonest. What is there in this world, or who is there that cannot be made to look ridiculous by a caricature? No faith, no church, no leader of men, no truth, no virtue, is exempt from attacks by the greatly abused art of the cartoonist.

This is the attack of W. P.:

"Suppose Mr. J. Smith, a highly respectable member of the soft-goods profession in Glasgow, were to give out: That he had found in his garden a set of copper plates engraved with curious characters, and beside them the mystic stones Urim and Thummin mounted in the fashion of spectacles; that on putting these on he was miraculously able to read off the characters in an English translation; that the tables contained the records and laws of a tribe who had come from Jerusalem to Aberdeen about 1000 B.C., bearing with them the true revelation, and who, after a long and eventful history, had been exterminated for their sins, leaving no trace of themselves but those plates, the finder of which was empowered and enjoined by the writer—the last surviving prophet of the tribe—to revive and continue the divine revelation, but never to show the plates themselves to a living soul. Suppose also that Mr. J. Smith were to find a believer in his next-door neighbour, Mr. T. Brown of The Moorings, and that every evening for

months in the back parlor of The Moorings, Mr. T. Brown, on one side of a screen drawn across the room, were to take down, to the dictation of Mr. J. Smith, on the other side of the screen, a weird ungrammatical farrago of lapidary nonsense, made up of undigested scraps of two or three religions and philosophies—purporting to be the English translation of the engraved records. Suppose this nauseous rubbish, in bulk about equal to the Old Testament, to have been printed, and the volumes hawked about the neighbourhood by Mr. J. Smith, Prophet, and Mr. T. Brown, Chief Apostle: and suppose it to have been followed up by subsequent revelations in which the faithful were commanded to give Prophet J. Smith implicit obedience, a tenth of their incomes, and as many wives as he wanted, and to take as many wives themselves as they could support. How would Mr. J. Smith and his coadjutor Mr. T. Brown be regarded by the occupants of Lily Vale, Daisy Bank, Bella's Choice, and The Beeches? How many adherents would the new religion be likely to obtain? Not as many, I should think, as would fill the spare seats in the cabs that would convey Mr. J. Smith to the police station, and Mr. T. Brown to Gartnavel. Yet the process I have summarised is precisely that by which Mr. Joseph Smith, a youthful, penniless, uneducated, and rather disreputable inhabitant of Manchester, N.Y., became, 90 years ago, the founder of the most militant, and most prosperous of modern 'religions,' and incidentally the means of the most remarkable colonizing adventure in the world's history."

There is hardly one supposition in this entire paragraph, which is not about a hundred miles from the truth. The Book of Mormon plates were not found in anybody's garden. It is not claimed that they contained the laws and records of a "tribe," or that this "tribe" left "no trace of themselves but those plates." It is absolutely false that the publication of the Book of Mormon was followed by revelations directing the saints to give the Prophet implicit obedience, a tenth of their income, and "as many wives as he wanted," etc. All this, and much more in the paragraph, is simply buffoonery, and not worthy of a place in a thoughtful discussion of a serious subject.

Suppose that Mr. J. Smith, an unlettered youth, known for religious fervor and truthfulness, announces that a messenger from God has appeared to him and directed him to give to the world a translation of the history of a part of the ancient Americans, and to lay the foundations of the Church and Kingdom of Christ, previous to His second advent. Suppose the Lord selected others to be witnesses to the truth of this claim, and that these witnesses, even when they severed their intimate connection with Mr. Smith, maintained to the last moment of their lives, that their testimony was true, and that the Book of Mormon was of divine origin. Suppose that Mr. Smith, endowed with power from on

high, performed numerous miracles as an evidence of his divine commission, and that the same gift was bestowed upon thousands of others, through their faith and prayers. Suppose that Mr. J. Smith led a life far above the moral standards of his day, and that he inculcated nothing but faith in God, compliance with the requirements of the gospel as taught by our Savior, repentance from evil, and a life of virtue and righteousness, kindness, brotherly love and peace. Suppose that he laid down his life as a testimony to the truth of his teachings, and that, with his dying breath, he commended his soul to the care of God, whom he had served. Suppose that thousands upon thousands of God's children have been saved through "Mormonism" from poverty and degradation, from ignorance and superstition, from sin and its consequences, and been made happy in this life and placed in a position to look forward with joy to eternal exaltation hereafter. Suppose all this: what then? Will not all this evidence compel us, as reasonable beings endowed with a desire for truth, to admit that this Mr. Smith was a prophet of God, and that "Mormonism," so-called, is true?

Every one of these suppositions can be substantiated. And in addition it can be proved that many of his prophecies have already been fulfilled, and that some of them, relating to a great world war, are being fulfilled in our own day. So strong is the evidence for his divine calling and mission that, after years of study of this evidence, we venture the assertion that if Joseph Smith is not proved to have been a prophet of God, there never was such a character. If he was not divinely inspired, neither was John, nor Paul, nor Isaiah, nor Moses. But, thank God! his claims are fully established, and we may say, that through his lifework the religion of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever, has been saved from materialism, infidelity, and dead formalism, and in the light of the gospel he was sent to preach, we can again look for the coming in power of a living Savior, and the redemption of the human race. That is what "Mormonism" has done for the world. It has brought into it new spiritual life, by which a glorious resurrection will be effected in the world, which has become a veritable valley of dead bones.

GEORGE F. RICHARDS,
President of the European mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

This reply to W. P. appeared in the Glasgow *Herald* of January 30th, last. We are indebted to the Editor of that paper for this courtesy.

G. F. R.

THE darkest shadows of life are those which a man himself makes when he stands in his own light.—LORD AVEBURY.

INVISIBLE COURIERS OF THE AIR.

By John Henry Evans.

"I REALLY don't see anything else to do, Brother Kelson, than to have you released to return home." The conference president, an elderly man with lightish curly whiskers, spoke in a quiet, subdued tone, almost a whisper, very much as if to relieve the tension of a hard situation. "I've thought and thought about the matter, and this is the only way out, so far as I can see."

He looked across the table at which the two were seated. The beardless face of the other wore a look of extreme pain, which he endeavored to hide, partly by sheer mental effort, and partly by looking out of the window on his left.

"I know," the president went on, "how keenly you must feel on the point. But you are not at all to blame. It's not your fault that your money gave out and that you cannot get more. Besides, you have been a good missionary, and done a splendid work. Every one here loves you and holds you in high respect. So you really have nothing to make you feel bad."

The young man looked for just an instant squarely into the president's eyes, as much as to say, "Then why do you act as if I did have something to feel sorry about?" But he said nothing, and turned his head again in the direction of the window.

The president, however, must not have gathered the meaning of the look, for he continued in the same strain, "It is not as if you had done something wrong. What has happened is the most natural thing in the world. And you are going home as clean as when you came here, and a great deal better, I should say."

"It's not that," the young man said, "Some of the folks at home, I know, will say I got lovesick, not having been married very long. And some of them will hint at something worse. But I don't care much what they'll say about me, as long as I know there's nothing wrong that I could help, and as long as I have my self-respect and my wife's love. A long mission or a short one—what does it matter?"

He broke off suddenly, as if on the edge of a confession. The president waited for him to go on, but he did not go on; he merely looked as if he had such intentions. The two pairs of eyes watched through the window a lively argument between an Irishman and his Irish cart-horse. Not even after it appeared that the man had won in the contest, did the young elder resume his look of being about to say something. And so the older missionary said—

"Let me see, how long have you been here—about a year, is it not?"

"Fourteen months, lacking three days."

"Well, now," the president went on, touched evidently by the

exactness with which the other had stated the time, "you've had a tolerably long mission, but you are good for another as soon as you can get ready for one. And your faith is a good deal stronger now than when you came, I'll warrant."

"That's the point, Brother Wootherspool," young Kelson interrupted, "that's exactly the point. My faith won't be worth much if I have to be sent home before my mission is finished."

The president stared at the young missionary, not in the least understanding.

"My faith is up in the air just now," Kelson continued. And then he asked abruptly, "Did your faith ever receive a shock, President?"

"I don't know that it ever did—no. I think not. Why?"

"Because something like that is happening to mine, I guess, for I can't just get the hang of things, since you are to send me home."

"How is that?"

"Well, I'll tell you. When I was set apart for this mission, I was promised that the Lord would open up the way for me to obtain money to fill my mission to the end. And here I'm about to be sent home in the middle of my mission, because I can't get money enough to keep me here the rest of my time. Don't you think that's something to test one's faith?"

"Are you sure that is the way it was put? It's an important point, you know, and one must not make up one's mind too hastily in the matter."

"I don't think I've done that," the young man answered, taking up the last point first. "I have not lost heart entirely yet, but I shall, though, I suppose, if you send me home. Always I have lived in the hope that something will turn up to fulfill that promise. As for my mistaking the words spoken on the occasion of my being set apart, I am not trusting to memory at all. I have the blessing here, taken down in shorthand at the time by the clerk." And he plunged his hand in his breast pocket, took out a paper, unfolded it, and handed it to his friend, with his finger on the line which he wished him to read.

The president read the words, pondered over them, read them again, including those that went before, and those that came after, meditated again, then folded the document and returned it to its owner, the young man meanwhile keeping his eyes riveted on the whiskered face of his superior officer.

"Aren't they the exact words? I've read them a hundred times and more."

The older man peered out of the window, but he did not say anything.

"Don't you think, in view of that, Brother Wootherspoon, you had better not ask for my release, but let the matter rest till we see if something will not turn up? Just now I've got all sorts

of faith that it will, even though at times I think my faith is broken."

The president looked at the stamped envelope lying on the table before him, addressed to the Liverpool office. "How are you going to live meanwhile?" he asked, looking at his companion.

Kelson hung his head.

Was the task of convincing this young man all to do over again? And yet he said his faith was being shattered! "I must be perfectly frank with you, Brother Kelson," the president began again. "Men should be frank with one another. The fact is, that your dependence on others in money matters, has brought about this whole difficulty, and caused me to desire your release."

Elder Kelson looked at him inquiringly as one who did not quite understand.

"You've borrowed so much from the missionaries, that they are hard pressed themselves for funds to carry them through."

Young Kelson's former look of pain returned to his face—the dagger had gone to the heart. "But I did it in the hope—"

"No one doubts your motive, Brother Kelson, but the fact remains, all the same. The brethren hate to refuse you, I can see that, and yet they know that they cannot afford to give you money which they themselves will certainly need in order to carry on their work. So, all things considered, I've decided to recommend that you be released."

The president rose as a sign that he wished to end the painful conversation. He took the letter and twirled it between his thumb and forefinger.

"Then you won't postpone sending the letter?" pleaded Elder Kelson, presently adding—"just for another day? That is not long, and if nothing happens between now and then I shall be content to do as you say."

"It would only make matters worse. That is what I have been doing now for two months—holding off, till now I can see nothing to do but to send it."

"Will you not do this for me? It means so much to me, and it means so little to you."

The president relented.

Kelson passed out of the room and into another, where three men, also missionaries, were assiduously studying their Bibles. They glanced at the young man's drawn face as he entered, glanced at one another significantly, and watched sympathetically the dejected figure go out at the main door and lose itself in the background of the wooded hill not far away. A few moments later the president came in, but said nothing.

When the young man returned he appeared in a different spirit altogether from that which he had when he went away. All his dejection had disappeared. The fact was so patent in his very walk and looks that as he approached the gate one of the

missionaries, who were still at their Bibles, remarked, on glancing out of the window, "Something's happened to Brother Kelson. I wonder what it is?" It was noticeable, too, in his voice on coming in. "Brother Wootherspoon," he exclaimed, jubilantly, "you need not send that letter now at all, for the next letter but one—not the very next letter, but the second one—which I get from home will contain enough money to enable me to pay my debts and to keep me here for the rest of my mission, besides!"

All the men in the room stared at him, as if they doubted either his wits or their own. And he had to repeat the statement before they could grasp its full meaning. Even then they smiled incredulously, but out of decency tried to hide their unbelief. Nevertheless, he clung to his original idea till he got the president to promise not to send the letter asking for his release before the day on which he received that second letter from home.

Nothing more was said on the subject. The missionaries went about their work as usual. They distributed tracts, they held street meetings, they conversed with their Irish neighbors, near and remote, on the religion they had come to the Emerald Isle to teach.

Three days passed by, and the mail came from America. The missionaries, to a man, showed more curiosity about Kelson's mail than they did about their own. There was a letter for him, sure enough, but when he saw the eyes of all the others on him as he was in the act of tearing off the end, he remarked, casually, "I did not say this letter would have any money in it, for it hasn't. I said, 'the next but one.' In the next mail there will be another letter for me from home, and it will contain all the money I need." He said this in the same tone of assurance that a millionaire would use who had just telegraphed to his banker for a few thousand dollars, and had received word that it was on the way.

Again the missionaries went about their work of tracting, preaching, and conversing on gospel themes. Several more days passed, and a second mail came from America. Nothing could stay the burning curiosity of the elders this time—not politeness, nor anxiety to know the contents of their own letters—till they had seen whether there was anything for their friend.

There was, and it was a letter from home, too. All attention for anything else than that letter was suspended in the keenest anticipation. And it must be admitted that even Kelson's hand trembled as he tore open the envelope. With a deliberation that was exasperating he peered into the envelope without the least sign on his face that could be interpreted to mean anything. Then as deliberately he put his fingers into the envelope and took out—a bit of green paper, which they all knew was a money order.

"Gentlemen," he cried, without even looking at the figures, "my money from America—all I need to fill my mission!" And he triumphantly waved the slip in the air.

Nothing would answer now but every missionary must examine the order to make sure it was not bogus. They scrutinized the figures, they felt the thickness of the paper, they even held it up to the light and peered through the small holes over the figures near the margin.

Meanwhile, Elder Kelson read his letter. His face, as he read, gathered tenseness and interest. The reading ended, he exclaimed, "Well, I never!"

The other faces were turned to him inquiringly.

"When I got my call," he explained, "my wife and I sat down to think about the matter. We thought pretty hard, too. Where was the money to come from? We might put a mortgage on our little place, but that wouldn't be enough. And what was I to do when that was gone? We managed to scrape enough together to take me to my field of labor, and then we trusted to the Lord for the rest.

"We were greatly relieved, I can tell you, when in my blessing, on being set apart, I was promised that the Lord would open the way for me so that I should not have to come home on account of not having money enough. As the Lord had already helped us in this matter, we went away from the Historian's office with a light heart.

"Well, you know how I have had to borrow money off you brethren, one time and another. I hated to do it more than I can tell you. But I had implicit faith in the promise of the Lord through His servants. It came nearly being shattered, though, when the president told me he had decided to send me home. Before the conversation was ended, however, Brother Wootherspoon, I had faith that the promise would be fulfilled. Strange to say, I had never prayed about it, although my blessing distinctly said that I should pray, work faithfully, and have faith.

"And so after I had prevailed upon the president to postpone sending the letter, I went to that grove yonder and prayed that something might happen that I might not be sent home. When I rose from my knees, I knew as certainly as I have ever known anything, that the next letter but one would contain what money I needed to complete my mission. Where it was to come from I had'nt the remotest idea, except that it would be in a letter from my wife.

"But listen to this: My wife writes that a neighbor woman, a widow with some money, came to the house. 'Sister Kelson,' she says—I'm reading from the letter word for word—'I've a bit of money as I wanted to invest somewhere, and it popped into my head, 'why not invest it in the Lord's work?' I knew many people as would like to have it, as don't need it as bad as some other folks. And then it came into my head, 'There's Sister Kelson's man, he's on a mission; mayhap he'll be needing some.' And so I want you to take this and send it to him. Without interest, too; for what

kind of a woman would I be, I'd like to know, if I took interest from the Lord? He'll pay in something better than dollars and cents, bless you, that He will. And your husband can give it me back when he comes home."

"As near as I can make out from the letter, this happened at about the same time that I was praying up in the grove."

For some moments no one uttered a sound. And then the president said:

"That is the most luminous incident I know of on the way prayer is answered."

And he crumpled the letter that was never sent, touched it to the flame of the lamp which had just been lighted, and threw the burning missive upon the grate. And five pairs of eyes watched it, with silent interest, become a charred and blackened mass.—*Juvenile Instructor.*

FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

Baptisms.—A baptismal service was held at Feversham Street Baths, Bradford (Leeds conference), January 11th, 1917, at which one soul was added to the fold of Christ, President Eben J. Robinson officiating. The convert was confirmed January 14th, 1917, by Elder Whitaker Metcalfe, president of the Pudsey branch.

A baptismal service was held at the Swan Baths, Norwich, (Norwich conference) on Saturday, February 3rd, 1917, when one soul was added to the fold, President Francis M. Skinner officiating. The new member was confirmed the following day by President Francis M. Skinner.

DIED.

HEYES.—At Wigan, January 26th, 1917, John Heyes. Deceased was the son of Edward and Catherine Smith Heyes, and was born July 23rd, 1867, at Hayton, Lancashire; baptized August 11th, 1901, at Wigan, England, by Elder Joseph Eckersley, and confirmed same date by Elder Oscar T. Whyte. Brother Heyes was ordained an elder March 2nd, 1902, by Elder William H. Nightingale.

CONTENTS:

The Vitality of "Mormonism" 97
Stephen L. Richards Ordained an Apostle 101
Heber J. Grant: From an Appreciation 102
Editorial: "Mormonism" a Living Force 104
Invisible Couriers of the Air ... 107
From the Mission Field 112

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